The scarlet Pimpernel

I was standing directly in front of the guillotine blade; I was among the thousands that had gathered here to watch the sight of blood and happiness spread across the town. The smell of smoke and hay were some unusual smells that were accompanied by the normal stenches of body odour and cold air.

The fear the *Artistos* had was spreading as the citizens grimaced as head after head went rolling into the hay accompanied by the roar and cheering of the crowd. The chilly air was slowly fading as the people bunched up closely like penguins just to get a good look at the guillotine blade.

The anticipation feeling was everywhere, the droning sound of the drums filled the high skies, nerves where at an all time high as people imagined that it was them climbing those dreaded steps and that it was them that the blood was pouring out of. The crowd had heard that the Scarlet Pimpernel was going to attempt a rescue of the *Aristos* and that made the crowd edgy.

It had been a few hours now and the aroma of food and hot drink wafted throughout the crowd. The chanting had subdued but the celebrations had continued into the night. The cold air returned and the happiness droned away as the word got out that the Scarlet Pimpernel had escaped with the bodies of the dirty *Aristos.* The gathering had concluded and slowly the cold air got the better of the public, as they ventured home with a great day and an experience firmly planted in their heads.